A Night in the Biggest Buddhist Monastery of the East.

A CHAT WITH THE CHIEF PRIEST

Something About Corean Children and Their Amusements.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS



SPENT A NIGHT last spring in the biggest Buddhist monastery of Corea. It was founded eleven hundred years ago, and Corea had Buddhism while Japan was still worshiping the sun goddess of Shintoism. The fact is that Japanese Buddhism came from Corea. This was about five

hundred years after Christ, when one of the Corean kings gave a golden Buddha to the mikado. He popularized the religion, and Japan was soon filled with Buddhists, monks and nuns. The religion became popular, and today Japan is one of the great Buddhist countries of the world. Corea, on the other hand, has sunken into barbarism. It is the land of infidels and superso strong in the past, has fallen into disgrace, and until lately the priests were not allowed to come into the city of Seoul. There are no Buddhist temples in Seoul, the eastern part of the peninsula, and the monastery which I visited is one of the richest and largest in the world. It had it. It owned vast estates, and it had buildings or temples which made me think of those of Japan. It was made the imperial monastery about one hundred years before it, and was taught by one of its priests.



A Great Buddhist Outside of Seoul. and its priests have been getting fat off presents ever since. This man planted some trees along the road which leads to the temple, and I rode through these on my way to the monastery. They are immense pines, almost two hundred feet in height, and opposite them stand stone tablets commemorating this great monarch. There is an old prophecy in Corea which states that the present dynasty will be destroyed in the five-hundredth year of its It was just five hundred years that this king lived, and the Corean rebels who have tried to break ip the govern-ment this year believe that they are carry-ing out th's prophecy, and that the present king will be the last of his line.

Hundreds of Priests.

I found the country surrounding the monastery filled with priests. They line the roads. They are at work in the fields. You see them loafing in the woods, and they fairly swarm about the temples. They wear yellow gowns, and their hats are much like inverted butter bowls. They come down over their heads so that you see only their noses and their chins, and they all walk with long staves. They do not get much attention from the people, and they are not respected as they are in other Buddhist countries. Those I met were densely ignorant, and it seemed to me they knew very little about their religion. They are very superstitious, and I saw signs of this everywhere. At the entrance to the monastery there was a big gate, and on each side of this stood a row of totem sticks, carved with hideous faces. like those which you find outside of each Corean village. These are supposed to be a guard against evil spirits, and they aid uddha in protecting his own. We passed through them, and went for several miles along a well-kept road through a beautiful pine forest, the grass of which was studded with flowers. Along one side of



Buddhist Priests.

the road a mountain torrent rushed over a ragged rock, singing the praises of Buddha as it pushed its way toward the Pacific ocean. On the other side hills rese almost like mountains and the ride was one of the most picturesque that I found in Corea. The forests belonging to the establishment park rather than one of the wildest sections of one of the most backward counmemory of the holiest monks of the past, and all of our surroundings were filled with the beauties of nature.

Sleeping With the Monks.

Some of the gorgeous priests in their butter-bowl hats met my party at the gate, and "General" Pak, my interpreter, sent our servant along in advance with my letter of introduction from the King of Corea, with orders to the chief priest to prepare a propér entertainment for me. When we arrived at the temples, however, Pak found they were going to put us in a small room. This did not suit him at all, and he led me through court after court until we came to the biggest temple of all. He stalked with stately tread right into this and spoke in grandiloquent tones to the crowd of priests lying about. He scattered them this way and that, and we soon had a hundred monks flying about soon had a hundred monks flying about soon had a hundred monks flying about in the street for hours in order to about in the street for hours in order to

COREAN BUDDHISM scattered about, upon which the priests slept later on. A Talk With the Chief Priest.

While we were getting dinner the chief priest, the highest Buddhist in Corea, came down to see me. He was a man of about fifty, with a head as bald as a billiard ball and a complexion like that of a wellbeaten drum head. He was withered and wrinkled, but his little black eyes twhikled out of their buttonhole slits, and he was affable and pleasant. He squatted on his heels on the floor for a time, and then, upon my asking him to take dinner with me, he sat down cross-legged and we discussed matters together while our aged rooster was cooking. I had a good variety of wines with me, and I offered the chief



priest a glass of champagne. At first he refused, but upon "General" Pak telling him it was not like Corean liquor, he gulped down great swallows, rubbing his stomach the while, as the sparkling liquid sent a warm glow through his veins. The truth is, he finished the bottle right there, and "General" Pak made him a present of it. There is no glass in Corea, and the chief priest considered this a magnificent gift. He bumped his head on the mats before me in response to it, and after this there was nothing in the whole establishment which he did not offer to us. I asked him some questions about his religion. He told me that Buddhism came into Corea from stitions. The Buddhist religion, which was Christ the first Buddhist monks came from that country. I spoke to him about the revival of his religion in Japan and of the movement which is there on foot to send Buddhist missionaries to Corea, in order to bring back the country to its old faith, and there are not a great many over the country. The chief center of religion is in the matter, and he was more intent upon watching the getting of the dinner than in talking of Buddha. He ate with wooden chopsticks, and he seemed to like my rice and chicken soup very much. As soon as hundreds of acres of forests connected with it. It owned vast estates, and it had build-signified to him that I would like to lie down and be at rest. I had been riding since 6 o'clock in the morning a razor-backed pony over a very rough road, and I was almost tired out. The Coreans do not use the discovery of America. The founder of beds. Night clothes are practically unthe present Corean dynasty was born near known, and the most of the people sleep on the bare floors, which are as hard as stone "General" Pak had, however, a lot of old The result was that when he became king. rice bags brought into the temple and spread out on the floor. I supposed they would clean out the hundred-odd monks who were in the temple and give me a chance to sleep alone, and I waited some time for them to move. They gave no signs of doing so, and at last in despair I asked "General" Pak for a screen. He brought half a dozen, and with these we made a little fence about my rice bags, and, undressing, I wrapped myself in my blanket and soon dropped off to sleep.

A Midnight Serenade.

About midnight I was awakened by a horrible din. A hundred gongs were sounding. Two score of bells were ringing, and there were the beating of drums and the elapping of hands and a pounding of one plece of wood upon another. I rose to my feet and looked over the screen. About thirty monks were still sleeping, and forty others were trotting here and there through the temple on their way to prayabout five hundred years ago, he favored ers. A brawny priest was pounding on a monastery. He gave it imperial rank, gong near my head, and another was ringing a hell at the foot of my bed. I stood and looked on, for there was no use trying go to sleep amid such a noise. This lasted nearly an hour, and then the priests slowly resumed their cuddled-up positions on the floor, and the Corean snore took the place of the gongs and the bells. I went back to my rice bags, and had just dropped off to sleep when the gongs and bells began again. I looked at my watch.



In the Biggest Corean Monastery.

It was 4 a.m., and the day was just dawning. The morning prayers had begun, and this effectually stopped further rest.

After breakfast I took a walk over the monastery, and I met a number of the Buddhist nuns. These were the scrawnlest, scrapplest, scraggiest women I have ever seen. Their heads are shaved, and the women I saw had faces as wrinkled as the leather of an alligator satchel, and they made me think of the idiots I have seen in some of our state asylums. They live apart from the monks in quarters of their own, and they are little respected by the people. I found none of the high-class Coreans had much to do with the monks or the priests, and they were looked upon more as a set of ignorant drones than anything else. The monasteries are travel resorts for the people, and many excursions are taken to visit them, more to admire the beautiful scenery by which they are surrounded than anything else. The Coreans are fond of the beauties of nature, and on any fine day you may see scores of them wandering through the hills about the Corean capital and writing verses and poetry inspired by the sight. When the trees are in flower they have picnics under them, and the beautiful parks of the country are as well known as those of Switzerland are known to Europe. The gentlemen often have poetry parties, at which they compete with each other in writing verses on the spur of the moment on certain subjects, and they are very strict in matters of etiquette. More of them believe in Confucius than in anything else, and their culture, you know, all comes from China. Just outside of Seoul there is a massive Buddha carved out of stone, with a little temple above it, but it has few worshipers, and the only temples in the Corean capital are Confucian.

Queer Corean Superstitions.

I found the Coreans superstitious in the extreme, and I met evidences of this everywhere. The trees which we passed at are beautifully kept, and some parts of the grounds make you think of an English stone about them, and "General" Pak always picked up another stone and threw it on the pile. He told me that in those trees tries on the globe. There were rustic on the pile. He told me that in those trees bridges in temple-like resting places here lived the gods of the mountains, and that and there on the way. Now and then we if we did not do them honor by giving passed a cemetery filled with tab'ets in them a stone they would work us great them a stone they would work us great harm. Nearly every house had a magic charm tied about it in order to keep out the spirits, and professional sorcerers are



A Sacrificial Stone.

trying to fix up the place for my reception. The room was one hundred feet keep off the evil one. I saw several table square, and among those in it at the time rocks on my trip across the country which we came were fifty priests who were eat-ing their supper. "General" Pak moved demics, and one immense stone of this ing their supper. "General" Pak moved demics, and one immense stone of this them all to one side, and then pointed to a kind, about twenty feet square, I was told, near the wall. He told me that it saved the country from smallpox. The was there that I was to spend the night.
My resting place was right under a great big golden statue of Buddha, in front of which bowls of incense were burning. The room was about twenty feet in height, and great lanterns hung from the ceiling. which, I was told, had been made by men There were drums and gongs here and there for the waking up of the gods bestraw men are hidden pieces of money, and didn't your name would be mud. Leastfore praying to them, and there were mats the parties who make them say a prayer ways, mostly mud."

the money. The more the figure is torn, the greater the efficacy of the charm. The Coreans consider nine to be a lucky num-ber, and they have all kinds of rain rophets and dream signs.

Corean Children. I found many boys in this big Corean monastery. They were studying to be priests, and the chief priest took four of

them and posed them, in order that I might have their pictures taken. They were bright little fellows, and they went over the prayers of Buddha quite glibly, not knowing what they mean. The children form one of the most interesting features of Corea. They are bright and good natured, and very polite. They tagged at my heels wherever I went, and gave the chief amusing features of the whole trip. In the summer children urder six wear little more than a little jacket, which comes just down below the arm-pits. They eat great quan-tities of raw turnips and pumpkins, and the whole of baby Corea may be said to be pot-bellied. The children have all kinds of games, and they delight in the flying of kites. Their kites are made differently from ours. They are square in shape with a hole as big around as a tin cup in the middle. They let out the string by a reel, and they have kite fights. They use great skill in this amusement, and two rival kites will fight ilke live things hundreds of feet up in the air. Each one of the fighters tries to entangle the other kites, to break their strings and drag them down to the ground. The greatest kite-flying time is during the New Year holidays, and the men, as well as the boys, have their kites. Gambling in Corea.

The Coreans are fond of gambling, but the laws provide that there shall be no gambling, except at funerals, and then only among the friends of the deceased. This makes the dead man very popular, and all who have any claim whatever to friendship or relationship with him appear at the funeral. The ceremony usually lasts for days, and it is a kind of a cross between an African hoodoo show and an Irish wake.

Corean Graves. Graves in Corea are quite as important as they are in China. Every family has its burying ground, and the dead are carried for miles in order that they may be laid with their kin. The monuments are usually round mounds of earth, and the bigger the man the bigger the mound. A rich man will often take a whole hill to himself, and the cemeteries are usually located on the sides of hills. When a man dies hired mourners are called in, and these wail as they burn the clothing of the dead. They do this at night in the street in the front of the door. The funerals of Scoul have to pass out of certain gates of the city, and must go through just at dusk. The result is that they go to the grave on a run, for if they do not arrive there in time they will have to squat down and wait till the gates open in the morning. Such funerals are always accompanied by men, and there is dancing and merry-making on the way. I saw a number during my stay in Seoul, and there seemed to be more rejoicing than grief. My next letter will be the last on Corea. It will describe my trip to the harbor of Gensar, whence I went to Siberia, and will show some queer unknown features of the hermit kingdom.
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SEEKING HIDDEN TREASURE.

Arkansas Prospectors Hunting for Lost Spanish Silver Mines.

rom the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. From Springdale, Ark., it is learned that much excitement exists in portions of Washington county, growing out of the strenuous efforts being made by treasureseekers to discover the silver mines which are popularly believed to have been found and worked by De Soto, when the Spanish adventurer and his soldiers were camped in that part of the state. It is a matter of lieved that during his sojourn there he and his followers opened and operated silver mines of fabulous richness. The Indians, or such of them as were illured by promises of dazzling rewards, gave the Spapiards the clew which led to the location of the hidden wealth, but the latter, who had expected to discover mountains of gold, show-ed no elation over the "find." To this day, handed down from one generation to another, stories are told of the Spanish discovery of silver mines in the state, and the uses in which the metal was employed; and to this day has the search for these mines been kept up, the father leaving the treasure to his son to ferret out, and the son bequeathing the hidden wealth to his children, in the assurance that they would discover it. If it be an ignis fatuus it is certainly long lived, for there are people living in these mountains who cherish the hope of finding this long-lost treasure, just as ardently as did their ancestors years

There are farmers living beyond Favetteville and Springdale who have in their possession many curious relics of the Spanish occupation of the country. Capt. J. N. Morris has a rude cross, two or three drinking cups, several images of saints; Andrew McCune has a pair of curiously wrought bridle bits; Jim Holliday has a couple of clumsily shaped rings. All of these things are made of pure silver, thus showing that the Spaniards actually had a plethora of the white metal, and placed little, if any, value upon it. The prevalent belief is that after the Spanlards left that part of the state and bent their course in a southerly direction, with the expectation of finding inexhaustible gold mines, the Indians care fully concealed the silver mines which the adventurers had abandoned, and destroyed every clew which might lead to their location or discovery. So well, indeed, did the crafty aborigines do their work that from that day to the present time the secret remains hidden in the mountain depths, and thus far, despite the energy which has been spent in finding them, the exact location of the mines remains a secret still. True, silver in small quantities has been found from time to time, the latest find being only a few years back; but the "old Span ish mines," as they are termed in neigh borhood tradition, remain undiscovered. firing the heart of the treasure seeker with the ardor of avarice.

Within the past ten days the hunt for the mines has been conducted with a perseverance almost beyond belief. Nearly a dozen persons have engaged in it, all of them, but a group of three men, acting independently of each other. The report is given out that one of the party, said to be an old miner who recently came to the state from Colorado, struck a lead of silver, which, it was thought, would run into the long-sought for mines, but it was proved that the vein was too scanty to pay for werking even, it playing out entirely soon after it was discovered. ----

RISE OF THE DRUMMER.

Fifty Years Ago an Unknown Factor in Business.

From the N. Y. Price Current. One development of commerce was for many years entirely unknown. The bright, pleasant, sharp young fellow who now ealls en customer after customer throughout the United States, always neat and always attentive to duty, the drummer, did not then exist. He began to be seen as soon as railreads became common, or perhaps a little before. There could not have been many before 1840. There were, however, salesmen who frequented the principal hetels, such as Bunker's, Lovejoy's, the Howard House, the United States and the Astor, long before this. They had a fine memory of faces and of names, and spent much of their time in scanning hotel registers and in being in the lobbies of inns so that when merchants arrived from the country they might be on hand to welcome them and to escort them to their place of business. Little scrutiny of hotel lists is now made, but this was then the most obvious method of increasing and holding trade. There was in 1830 no way of knowing with reasonable certainty the rating of a dealer some distance away. Commercial agencies were not then established, and selling to the retail trade was much more of a lottery than it is now. Those whole salers were successful who were the best judges of credit.

His Insanitary Condition.

"You bet I know enough to come in when it rains," remarked Mr. Weary Watkins,

in the course of a heated discussion. "It is a mighty good thing you do,"

How They Can Be Produced in a Parlor Entertainment.

PLEASING TRICKS FOR AMATEURS

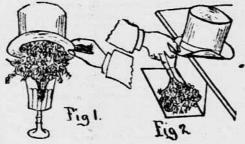
The Mystery of the Restored Hand-

kerchief Explained.

THE MAGICIAN AT HOME



quite brilliant and well suited to open a drawing room performance. The performer of it introduces it by saying: "I notice that in my hurry I have neglected to provide myself with the cus-



tomary buttonhole bouquet, but, fortunate-

ly. I have here a quantity of magic seed, with which I can not only supply my own want, but can give you a short lesson in magic floriculture." Show a small box, which is supposed to contain the seed, while in reality it is empty. "You see, I have only to place a single seed here in my buttonhole and after breathing on it a moment, to supply the necessary heat, I touch it with my wand and instantly we have a beautiful rose. Now, if some gentleman will kindly loan me a silk hat for a moment, I will show you a method by which bouquets may be produced while you wait. I only have to place the hat over this glass goblet for a moment, which, you see, is quite free from deception, and you see, is quite free from deception, and here we have a handsome bouquet." Remove the hat and find the goblet still empty. "How is this? Ah, I rememier now, I neglected to put any of the magic seed in the goblet. I will just put in a pinch of various kinds and try again." Place hat over the glass again and interest the saignt the and through a large hour. stantly raise it, and discover a large bou-quet in the glass. (See figure 1.) "You see the seed acts instantaneously, and, if necessary, I could produce flowers enough in five minutes to supply the Charity Ball. While saying this brush the hat carefully and walk down as if to return it, still holding the box of seed. Once among your audience you exclaim, "What is that? You don't believe me? Why, see here; by just putting a pinch of the seed in this hat and breathing on it, thus, I will produce bouquets for all present." Show hat nearly full of small bouquets and distribute them. history that De Soto spent months in north- Then return hat, saying: 'I thank you, sir western Arkansas in 1540. It is also be- for the use of your hat, which seems particularly fitted for this purpose. Doubtless it has often covered thoughts as beautiful as the flowers it has sheltered tonight.

How They Bloom. To prepare for producing a flower in the buttonhole, take a plece of black elastic cord about a foot in length and put one end of it through the center of an artificial rose, from which the stem has been removed, knotting the end to keep it from slipping through. Pass the other end through the buttonhole, also through a small hole made in the coat just behind the buttonhole, and then down and fasten to the suspender button on the back of your trousers. Draw the flower away from the buttonhole and conceal it under the left armpit, and as you touch the spot with the wand raise the left arm slightly, freeing the flower, which will instantly fly to the buttonhole.

After borrowing the hat place it over the glass, as above, and after removing let the brim rest on the table a second while looking at the glass. During this brief time slip your finger into the little cardboard tube which serves as a handle to the bouquet, which lies on the shelf at the back of your table and just beneath the hat. closing the fingers the bouquet is brought into the hat (see fig. 2) takes only a fraction of a second, and as all are looking for the bouquet in the glass the movement is entirely invisible. As soon as the hat is "loaded" raise it quite a distance above the table and hold it there while you pretend to put the seed in the glass. As soon as the bouquet is shown in the glass, let the hat rest on the table as before, and introduce the small bou-quets, which are tied together with a weak thread and are provided with a tube like the large bouquet. When you appear to put the seed in the hat, break the thread and shake up the bouquets loosely, and they will nearly fill the hat. Of course you must keep your eyes fixed on the goblet while loading the hat, and never allow yourself to glance toward the left hand which holds the hat, as that would give your audience a hint that something was going on in that quarter.

The Magic Handkerchief.

An amusing trick that will serve well to fellow this in a beginner's program is styled "the restored handkerchief." It is begun by borrowing a lady's handkerchief. A plain white one is necessary, so if a fancy one is offered, say: "This is too delicate; I prefer a more substantial one." While talking about the handkerchief, turn suddenly and take a lemon from the whiskers or hair of some gentleman, wheel about and throw it on the stage. Then pass the handkerchief to some one to hold, start back toward the stage, but stop suddenly, return and ask the man why he dees not hold it as you told him to. Of course he protests, and after a little dishandkerchief. Much to his surprise, he finds it in small pieces. You then take the pieces from him and give him a "talking to" for having spoiled your trick and the lady's handkerchief, but finally say you will show him how to restore it. Pass it back to him, being sure to place it in his right hand, and tell him to rub it gently with his right hand. As he holds it in the right he is pretty sure to rub it with the left, seeing which you cry: "Here, here! Stop that. I said the right hand, and you have used the left. Let's see what you have done to it now." He shows it, but instead of the pleces there is now one long strip. Take it from him and say: "It's no strip. Take it is a see you will never make a magician, so I will excuse you and try to get out of the scrape you have got me

Offer the strip to the owner of the handkerchief, saying that it is no fault of yours that it has been ruined; but, of course, she will refuse it. Then say: "Very well, the only thing I can do is to send you a new one, but in the meantime let's see what we can do with this." Return to the stage, pick up the lemon and place it on the table, where all see it, and then say you will try to shoot the handkerchief into the lemon. Load it into the pistol and fire at the iemon. Then cut open the lemon and take out the handkerchief. Start toward the lady as if to return it, stop suddenly and smell of it and say: "Thi smells rather strong of lemon. Shall perfume it for you?" Without waiting for an answer, put it

on a plate on your table and pour per-fume from a bottle, but accidentally (?) put on too much, pick it up and show it wet. Then say you will dry it a little be-fore returning it. Light a candle, and while holding the handkerchief over the flame it takes fire. Drop it on the plate and offer it to the owner while still burning. Of course, she refuses it. Then put another plate over it, smother the flames "Ef you and again offer the burned remnant to the owner, making all sorts of excuses for the accident. As she still refuses to accept,

over them, asking that they be delivered from all diseases and misfortunes for the next twelve months. They then give them to the boys, who tear them to pieces to find the money. The more the figure is torn,

her, and much to her surprise she finds it is her own handkerchief, and seemingly none the worse for its strange adventures How It is Done.

In commencing with this, have in your left hand a lemon, prepared by cutting a plug-shaped piece out of one end, digging out all the pulp and stuffing in a piece of cloth the size of a lady's handkerchief. After this the plug is replaced and fastened in place with pins. Hold the lapel of your coat with the same hand as you walk down to borrow the handkerchief, and the lemon cannot be seen. Under the waistband of your vest, on the left side, have a bundle of about a dozen pieces of white muslin-say, three inches square-and on wide and a yard long. Behind the box on your table have a double piece of newspaper, about a foot square, pasted together on three sides, so that it forms a sort of bag, but appears like a single thickness. ness. Also have on the table two plates, a pistol, a perfume bottle filled with alcohol, a candle and candlestick. After producing the lemon from the gentleman's whiskers take the lady's handkerchief in the left hand. As you turn toward the stage to throw

the lemon, tuck the handkerchief under the vest in the middle and pull out the pieces from the left side. Give them to the man who is to assist you. Then you start toly to full size in a few moments and the stage again, at the same time getting hold of the long strip, and while explaining to him how to restore the handthen to blossom kerchief exchange the pieces for the long handsomely. There is strip and give him that to hold. While all one of this sort that are watching him put the pieces in your is not only easy, but pocket. As you return to the stage, after excusing your assistant, hold the long strip at arms' length, so they can see it all the time, but with your other hand get hold of the original handkerchief, and while getting the pistol push it into the paper smoothing it out as flat as you can. Of course, when you finally tear open the paper you only tear through the outer thickness, and the ashes are concealed by the inner. Be sure not to leave the pape

Often Viewed.

From the Indianapolis Journal. "Sharpe got himself elected to the council as a man of views, didn't he?" "Well, he is living up to it. Scarce bill passes that he isn't deemed a good man to 'see.' "

Just the Signs.

From Brooklyn Life. Miss N. Quiring-"It must be very easy to telegraph bad language and swear Operator-"What makes you think so?" Miss N. Quiring—"Because the code contains so many dots, dashes and spaces."

Knowing Kangaroes. From Fliegende Blatter.

How they fooled their teasing keeper, who placed their food, as he thought, out











NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY. By Elizabeth Biyant Johnston, author of "Original Portraits of Washington," etc., etc. Washington, D. C. So good a picture of Washington the Man as this volume portrays has never before Few Physicians Try to Cover the been presented to the world. Its two hundred broad pages are filled with extracts from his daily writings, from what was probably his first effort at journal keeping, when, at the age of 16, he recorded the fact that he had made "A plan of Major Lawrence Washington's Turnip Field, as surveyed by me, this twenty seventh Day of February, 1747-8," to the last entry in his diary, made the day before his death, when he recorded, with his usual care, his customary notes on the weather. Each page contains, also, tributes from the most famous writers and speakers of the world, testifying to the many virtues of the "Father of his Country." The volume is hand-somely enriched with illustrations of places made famous by Washington's connection with them, and contains, also, what is as valuable as it is rare in books nowadaysa complete index. The work of preparing the book must have been one of long and patient labor, but it was doubtless also a labor of love to the author, who is espe-cially well qualified for the task imposed on herself by her previous extensive and fruitful researches in the almost boundless regions of Washingtoniana. That every lover of his country should treasure the sayings and emulate the virtues of Washington need not be said, but it is particularly upon the mind of the rising genera-tions that the lessons of self-denial and

COMPREHENSIVE INDEX OF THE PUBLICA-TIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERN-MENT. 1889-1893. By John G. Ames, Super-intendent of Documents, Department of the Interior. Washington: Government Printing Of-

The number of people capable of average

patriotism taught by volumes like this should be impressed. It, therefore, de-

serves and should be accorded the widest possible circulation and reading among the

literary effort is astoundingly great, but only a few among men are gifted with abilwhere the audience can get at it, but lity of the sort needed to construct an index crumple it up and throw it on the stage. that will do what it ought to do; a vast quantity of valuable reading and reference matter has been forever entombed and lost because the index-maker failed in what he probably regarded as an easy and merely mechanical endeavor. The index which Mr. Ames presents in this volume is, so far as government indices in this country are con-cerned, worthy the designation "unique." It covers only a period of five years, but nothing has escaped. Mr. Ames has many times tried to secure such appropriations as are needed to make possible the indexing of all public documents, but his appeals fell on deaf ears; by extraordinary exertion he compiled this index of all government publications issued during the existence of the Fifty-first and Fifty-second Congresses; the plan is wholly his own, and is the result of long experience. That the volume met with instant approval is not at all surprising librarians and public men have been en-thusiastic in their commendation, and there is now general desire for the prompt application of the Ames system of indexing to all our national publications.

OUR FIGHT WITH TAMMANY. By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. New York: Charles Scrib-ner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's.

Dr. Parkhurst's contest with the greatest aggregation of speils-seeking politeians has been followed with great interest by decency-loving people the whole world over, and there is general public acquaintance with the campaign that resulted in Tammany's defeat, but not until now have the doctor's methods and aims been fully set forth in concrete form by himself. work will be of value as a text book in cities where reform is contemplated. The reader will find Tammany and the police of New York city synonymous; the doctor's opinion of the farce is pointed. "I believe," he says, "that from top down, with some splendid exceptions, they are the dirtiest, crookedest and ugliest lot of men ever combined in semi-military array outside of Japan and Turkey"-a conclusive compari-MRS, CHARLES H. GIBSON'S MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA COOK BOOK. Containing Numerous

Viktivia COOK BOOK. Containing Numerous Valuable Receipts for Aid in Housekeeping. Prepared and Tested by Mrs. Charles H. Gib-son of Rateliffe Manor, Easton, Talbot Co., Md. Baltimore: John Murpby & Co.

Housekeepers can hardly fail to recognize the fact that Mrs. Gibson has placed most of them under obligation to her for the very admirable collection of recipes aggregated in a volume that achieves instant popularity by its businesslike appearance-being bound in dark green offcloth that immediately suggests the kitchen. Of the excellence of the advice given cooks and would-be-cooks there can be no doubt, but the volume contains more than mere essays on food; there are miscellaneous recipes of use in every home ranging from "How to Cook a Husband" and how to make soft soap to the construction of colic drops and a sure cure for freckles.

DICTIONARY OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. ICTIONARY OF UNITED STATES HISTORY.

1492-1894. Four Centuries of History. Written Concisely and Arranged Alphabetically in Dictionary Form. By J. Franklin Jameson. Ph. D., Professor of History in Brown University, formerly of Johns Hopkins University, Editorial Contributor to the Century Dictionary, author of a "History of Historical Writing in America." Hlustrated with nearly 300 portraits. Boston: Puritan Publishing Co. Washington: R. A. Dinsmore.

A comprehensive work for the accuracy of which the publishers vouch without qualification. It is a reference book, in which most of the essential and a few nonessential facts of United States history are stated with all reasonable brevity. Perfection has been aimed at, and if it has not been hit the shortcomings are less numerous than in volumes the objects of which are similar to that avowed by Prof. Jameson. Valuable features of this dictionarywhich deserves a place in every libraryare the biographical sketches of men of

SPERRY STORIES. By Arthur Sperry. Potomac Series, No. 2. Washington: H. B. Sperry. Washington newspaperdom of five years ago knew Arthur Sperry as one of its own; today the one-time reporter has a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer of short stories. Some of his efforts are remarkable for their excellence-especially those that deal with the Chinaman as he is in a great American city. In more than one of the popular English magazines there s always place for a contribution from Mr. Sperry; sure evidence of real merit, for the Briton is not enthusiastic without good cause over American products of either the material or literary varieties. COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESSES. By Parke God-

win. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop. In this volume are reprints of eloquent tributes paid by Mr. Godwin to the me

mories of George William Curtis, Edwin Booth, Louis Kossuth, John James Audubon and William Cullen Bryant. The addresses are not merely eulogistic; they dissect the characters of the great ones with whose lives they deal; they present, in language vivid as the colors of the portrait painter, miniature biographies that will ever be treasured by those who knew the men or who, knowing them not, realize fully what the departed ones did for man-THE BORDERLAND OF CZAR AND KAISER.

Notes from both sides of the Russian Frontier. By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated by Frederick Remington. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lethrop. Mr. Bigelow may live to be an old man

and this book of his be forgotten by most of its readers, but unless Russia changes its form of government he will never be permitted to remain for any length of time in the country of the czar. In a manner that compels belief he sketches a condition of affairs that is truly horrifying; he corroborates George Kennan. The German chapters are devoted almost exclusively to the kaiser's armory.

THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA. By William C. Harris, Illustrated, New York: The Harris Publishing Co.

Part V of this extremely valuable publication treats of the habits of the duckbilled catfish, the sturgeon and the bowfin or dogfish; the plates-equal in every re-

MUST WORK TO KEEP UP.

W.de Field of Science.

TENDENCY OF THE TIME.

One All-Important Branch of Medicine Strangely Neglected Until Independent Discovery Made Great Strides - Millions Have Been Resented.

"My physician goes hand in hand with my pas-

tor."
This remark was made by the late J. G. Holland, himself a doctor, and it was true. The work done by the medical profession of America is vast and valuable. So vast indeed that few physicians are able to cover the entire field of practice, but select special departments in which to become proficient. It is perhaps strange that so few doctors have made a specialty of studying or treating the most important organs of the body, which are the kidneys, but such nevertheless is a fact. It is probably because those organs are so wonderfully delicate and uncertain, have so few recognizable symptoms when they are derauged, wonderfully delicate and uncertain, have so few recognizable symptoms when they are deranged, and, in fact, assume the symptoms that are also the cause of most other diseases. It was left to independent discovery to produce a remedy especially adapted for the kidneys, liver and other organs, and so efficient has this discovery been dering the past twenty years that it is unhesitatingly acknowledged by the medical profession and scientists generally as a sovereign remedy for these troubles. It is needless to say that it is Warner's Safe Cure.

While millions of people have been rescued from

Warner's Safe Care.

While millions of people have been rescued from sickness and are kept in health by the use of this great remedy, comparatively few realize how great is its parity and power. It soothes all inflammation, fevers, irregularity or similar troubles of these and adjacent organs and leads the sufferer back to health and away from misery. If you, therefore, are a sufferer from any of these troubles, while you may have your regular physician, it is not necessary that you should call upon him, for you have a means of restoring your health within easy reach. Every intelligent man or woman who stops to reflect realizes this, and in time of trouble should act upon it.

ham Lincoln. From title to finish there is

SEA YARNS FOR BOYS. Span by an Old Salt. By W. J. Henderson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop. Wet with the saltiest sort of conversa-

tional spray. Most ingeniously constructed narratives that, while written for boys, will amuse grown-up folks quite as much as they will those for whose especial gratification they were evolved.

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erial topics affected by most of the minor poets; he delights in history and in modern incidents that afford him morals that are strong enough to be influential for good. Some of the verses are rich in inspiration. HEXANDRIA. By Alice Weldon Wasserbach. Washington: Pathfinder Publishing Company.

Six short stories that have in them much that merits commendation; evidently the initial efforts of an aspirant for the fame and profit of literary success; in this instance the aspiration seems quite reason-

THE CRUSADES. The Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusaiem. By T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford. New York: G. P. Pat-

The latest addition to "The Story of the Nations" series. Good, sound history, con piled by competent students of an era around which is a never-dimmed halo of romance. A liberally-illustrated resume of the greatest strife that ever had its origin in religious chivalry.

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Hale has paraphrased; simply a pamphlet in which some of Boston's goodness is made plain; two-score pages of pleasant reading. KING GROVER. Chronicles of His Reign, According to Sincendes, the Scribe of the Tribe of Lechay. By James S. Blery. First Book, Allentown, Pa.: Published by the Author.

Not a bit like the book whose title Dr.

This ingenious production will not be circulated by any campaign committee of the democratic party.

MOLLIE FANCHER, THE BROOKLYN ENIGMA.

An Authentic Statement of Facts in the Life
of Mary J. Fancher, the psychological marvel
of the nineteenth century. By Abram H.
Dellas Brooklyn Dailey, Brooklyn. Investigators into the marvelous will flad in Miss Fancher's case much to puzzle over.

LABOR AS MONEY. A Story with a Purpose.
Presenting a Practical, Automatic Currency of
Stationary Value, Contracting and Relaxing According to the Demands of the Country for Exchange. By John O. Yeiser. Boston: The Arena
Printing Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

THE CITY AND COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES. Commercial and Manufacturing Interests. Representative Business Enterprises and Professional Men. Seaside and Mountain Resorts. Illustrated. Los Angeles: The Times-Mirror Publishing Co.

THE DOCTOR, HIS WIFE AND THE CLOCK. By Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs), author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Hand and Ring," "Marked "Personal," &c. New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington: Woodward

NAPOLEON III AND LADY STUART. An Episode of the Tulleries. Translated from the French of Pierre de Lano by A. C. S. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons. LIPPMAN'S CABINET OF MUSIC. Both Vocal and Instrumental Music of the Highest Class.

New York: J. Lippman. ON THE HURRICANE DECK. A Novel. By W. H. Wright. New York: The Mascot Publishing

Happy Thought. From Berliner Morgenzeitung.

An elderly woman, being jealous of hel husband, determined to commit suicide, and was about to throw herself into the river, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Good" gracious! I have left the pantry door open and the cat will get in," So saying, she hurried off home, and since then she has made no further attempt to do away with herself.

Not Insured.

From the New York Weekly. Mrs. De Style-"Marie! Is the dog chain-Servant-"Yes'm."

"And the cat put up?" "Yes'm." "And the children tied to the bedpost in

the nursery?" "Yes'm."
"Very well. Then you may light the piano lamp."

Freatment of Eczema and Salt Rheum.

or dogfish; the plates—equal in every respect to their predecessors—are of the weakfish and the Rocky Mountain white-fish. The work is unique, and will, when complete, be the backbone of every enthusiastic fisherman's library.

THE JUDICIAL MURDER OF MARY E. SURBATT. By David Miller DeWitt. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

A beiated but none the less bitter assault upon those who were in any way concerned in the trial and execution of Mrs. Surratt, one of the conspirators whose machinations resulted in the assassination of Abra-